M.W.C.C.

HILANDER

The

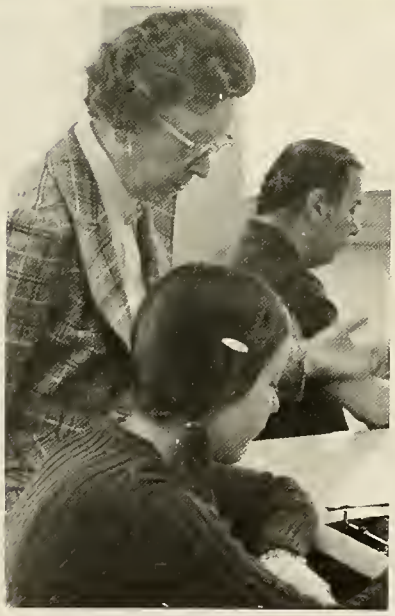
Man

Lydia T. Carse
Coordinator
of
Secretarial Studies

A graduate of Merrimack College and Boston University, Mrs. Lydia T. Carse has taught at the Mount since 1965. As an outstanding professor in Secretarial Science, Mrs. Carse has placed many fine executive, medical, legal, and technical secretaries into the world of business. She has devoted her time, knowledge, and experience into producing top ranking business women. Her willingness to offer advice in personal matters as well as business has made her a special person in the eyes of her students.

Those of us who had Mrs. Carse to guide us in our careers will find it hard to adjust to her absence. We will certainly miss her.

Thank you so much, Mrs. Carse, for our futures.



ADMINISTRATION

President Arthur F. Haley

Congratulations to the Class of 1975! We hope you have gained in knowledge, in skills and in implementing some of the theory gained in the classroom. But that statement doesn't do justice to the change I hope has occurred in you. Two or more years at the "Mount" has established new personal relationships in both you and us and this growth may better be termed--new emotional awareness. Commencement, then, is a happy but also a sad occurrence for us both.

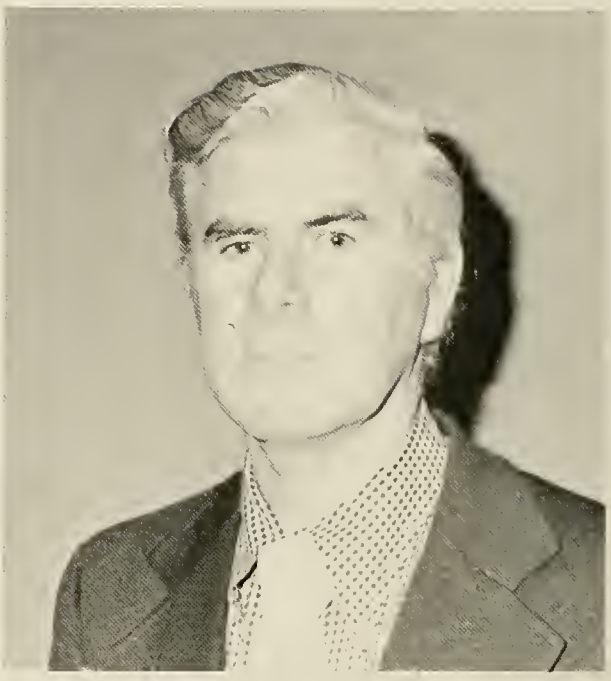
This year you proceed into the commercial world or to a senior college at a time when the economic life of our region is not as strong as in past years. Competition for positions will be strong because of the constraint of industrial growth. But I know that your experiences here will place you in a strong competitive position for entry into career positions.

And, so, Class of '75, this note is an attempt to say I will miss you, I know of the uncertain economic factors facing you, and yet am convinced of your ability to prosper.

Godspeed and come back and visit as the "Mount" continues to build!

Arthur F. Haley

Dean of Students John P. Hogan



February 20, 1975

Dear Graduates:

The Class of 1975 will soon depart with the first experience of having lived one year in our spanking new campus. I hope your two years were pleasant, meaningful, and fruitful.

As the years go by you will constantly refer to the Yearbook seeking the names of classmates. I hope you will keep the book handy and refer to it often.

It has been a tremendous privilege for me to share with you in your development and growth at the "Mount." We have only a feeling of pleasure that you accomplished your objective and are now ready to reach for the next level of beckoning privilege.

We place great trust in you. We have a deep faith in your future and much pride in your accomplishments. May the years be good to you and yours, and may you come back often to see us.

Sincerely yours,

John P. Hogan

John P. Hogan
Dean of Students

Dr. John H. Bassett
Dean of Faculty

Richard P. Jeffrey
Dean of Administration

Armand J. Landry
Registrar

Mason T. Parker
Librarian

Sidney Goldfader
Director of Admissions

David W. Halvorsen
Assistant Dean of Students

Barbara Oatman
Counselor-Placement

Susan F. McNally
Counselor-Transfer

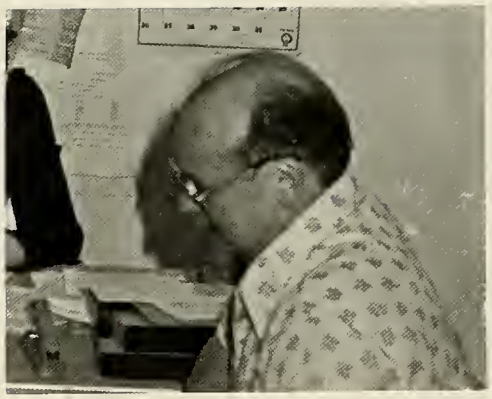
Robert H. Gilman
Counselor-Project Start

Sandra B. Signor
Counselor-Health Care

Thomas Keene
Counselor-Rehabilitation

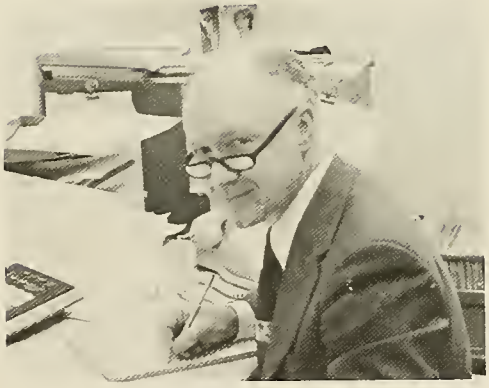
Linda C. Oldach
Assistant Librarian

F. Robert Farrell
Staff Assistant



Thomas E. Milligan
Staff Assistant

Frank K. Hirons
Staff Assistant



Stanley T. Moak
Staff Assistant

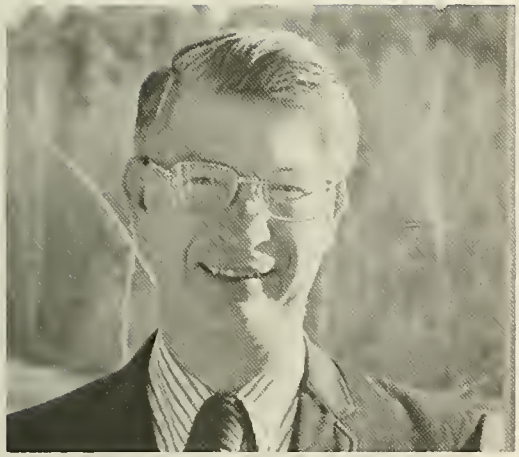
Phebe Smith
Staff Assistant

Ernest J. Rahaim
Superintendent of Buildings

H. Britton Stolz
Staff Assistant

Dr. Richard G. Rollins
Director of Athletics

Health Care



Robert L. Banks, Div. Chmn.

Paula D'Entremont

Lydia Diagnault

George Frazer

Helen L. Trinque

Aili W. Walters

Humanities

Aspasia K. Anastos, English

Edward R. Cronin, English

Marie B. Bent, Music

Kenneth G. Marisseau, English

Samuel O'Neill, Div. Chmn.

Arthur E. Marley, English

Gene A. Cauthen, Art

Humanities

Jean C. Tandy, Art

C. Richard Orr, Speech

William E. Gruters, Art

John H. Leamy, Jr., English

Sylvia T. Miner, English

Dennis C. Morrill, English

Clement J. Trudeau, French

E. Guy Turcotte, English

Elizabeth Noyes, English

Dario Valdes, Spanish

Joe Ruth, Bus. Div. Chmn.

John T. Awdycki

Daniel J. Donovan

Business

George Murphy

Joseph S. Baldyga

Raymond C. Rogers

Carl Tammi

Charles Snow

Carl Lugbauer

Frances A. Pronski

Science & Technology

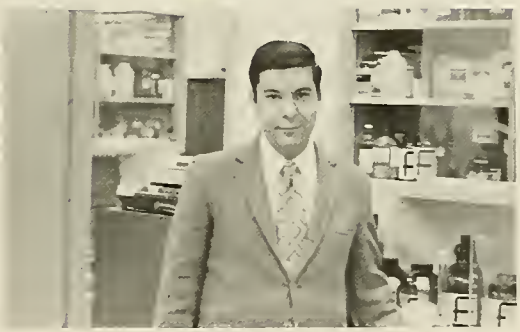
Charles E. Weitze

Theodore Filteau

Walter E. Ballou

Edward H. Stevens

Peter Trinchero



Herman Gelbwasser

Gerald R. O'Brien

Social Sciences

John O. McLaughlin, Div. Chmn.

Norman E. Tandy

Theresa H. Twombly

William L. Welch

Peter J. Trainor

Robert M. Willhauck

Vincent Ialenti

Thomas A Malloy

Robert F. Riedl

William J. Dunn, Jr.

Ann E. Greene

Raymond V. Coleman

Philip A. Leasure

Class Officers

President
Robert M. Fontaine

Vice-President
Dean A. Pratt

Treasurer
Bonnie Baer

Ross A. Turner
Secretary

Michael P. LaFosse
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Lawrel R. Sainsbury
M.H.
Ashburnham, MA

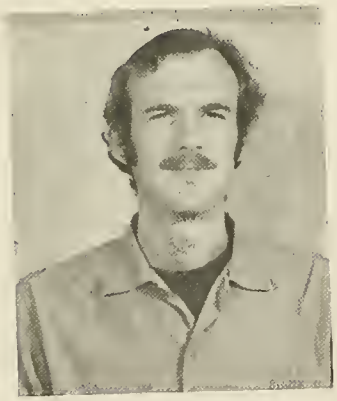
Carol L. Lambert
D.P.
Winchendon, MA

Lois L. Walker
R.T.
Westminster, MA

Brian Carey
R.T.
Fitchburg, MA

Robert J. Regan, Jr.
P.C.
Lowell, MA

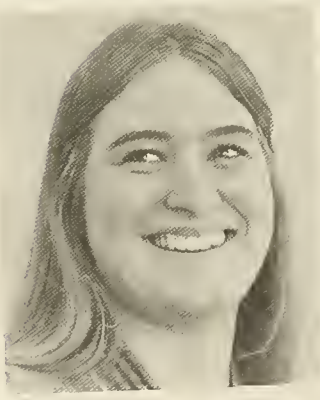
Sharon Rose
G.S.
Gardner, MA



James R. Wiley
G.S.
Gardner, MA

Ronald P. Burch
P.C.
Gardner, MA

Lynne Baker
B.T.
Royalston, MA



Peter Kwok
B.A.
Gardner, MA

Marilou Crohan
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

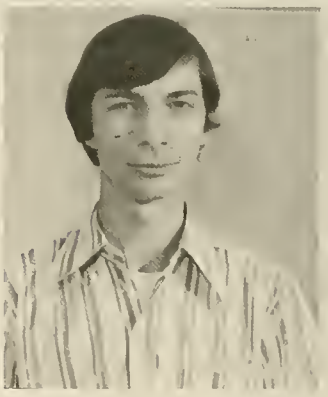
Debra LeBlanc
L.E.
Gardner, MA

Phillip Cormier
D.P.
Gardner, MA

David Sevigny
B.A.
Fitchburg, MA

Tiamarie Suokko
G.S.
Ashby, MA

Gary Glenny
L.E.
Fitchburg, MA



Mike Kerrigan
B.A.
Lunnenburg, MA

Roger Miknaitas
G.S.

Sharon Schuler
M.H.
Shrewsbury, MA

Susan Cormier
D.P.
Gardner, MA

Richard French
B.T.
Leominster, MA

Jeanette Cormier
L.A.
Gardner, MA

Ewaugh Rice
B.T.
Gardner, MA

Mary Urquhart
E.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Dennis Mills
B.A.
Leominster, MA

Diane Doiron
R.T.
Gardner, MA

Wayne Ronn
G.S.
Templeton, MA

Lionel Trainque
I.M.
Westminster, MA

Paula Valento
B.T.
Fitchburg, MA

Roland Mailloux, Jr.
L.E.
Gardner, MA

Mark Roberge
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

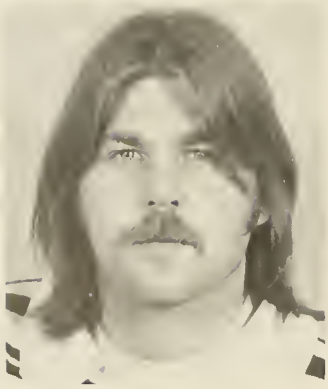
Julie Baldwin
E.S.
Peterboro, N.H.

Joan Gustafson
R.T.
Holden, MA.

Bertil Ramgren, Jr.
P.C.
Fitchburg, MA

Tim Howard
U.C.
Otter River, MA

Basil Mangra
L.A.
Gardner, Ma

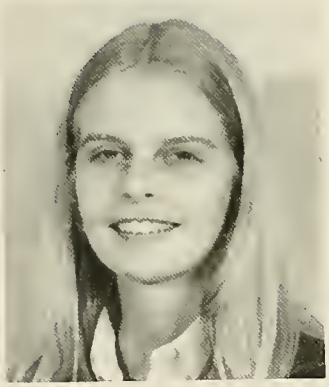


Jeffrey Lakson
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Bernard Fleming
M.H.
Gardner, MA

Jane Christopher
N.U.
Leominster, MA

Frederick Thrasher
B.A.
W. Townsend



Rebecca E. Pisaruk
D.P.
Westminster, MA

Patti Schneider
M.H.
Fitchburg, MA

Debra Bragg
E.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Ernest St. Armand
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Alan Gray
M.H.
Hubbardston, MA

Edward Morandi, Jr.
D.P.
Athol, MA

John Shaffer
P.C.
Littleton, MA

Stephen Leppala
L.A.
Fitchburg, MA

Holly Atchue
L.E.
Sterling, MA

Carolyn Peabody
N.U.
Gardner, Ma

Debbie Brooks
L.E.
Nabnasset, MA

Shirley Wilder
M.H.
Gardner, MA

Jane Chew
E.S.
Leominster, MA

Janet Hayne
E.S.
Athol, MA

Pauline Davenport
L.A.
Athol, Ma

James Johnson
L.E.
Holden, MA

Jane Casella
E.S.
Athol, MA

Lynn Zichelle
E.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Ron L'Huillier
G.S.
Gardner, MA

Barbara Tatro
G.S.
Gardner, MA

David Hirshfeld
G.S.
Orange, MA

Mohamed Khan
G.S.
Leominster, MA

Diane Wasznicky
M.H.
Leominster, MA

Paul Gallagher
B.A.
Lunenburg, MA

Tom Sheehan
R.T.
Lowell, MA

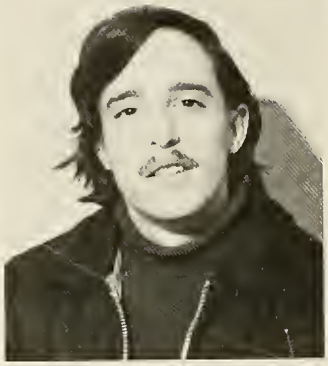
Ghirmai Ghebremicael
B.A.
Fitchburg, MA

Lynn Dora
L.A.
Templeton, MA

Chris Cookman
E.T.
Petersham, MA

Mary Lou Crohan
N.U.
Fitchburg, MA

Daniel Sullivan
N.U.
Templeton, MA



Mike Levine
G.S.
Leominster, MA

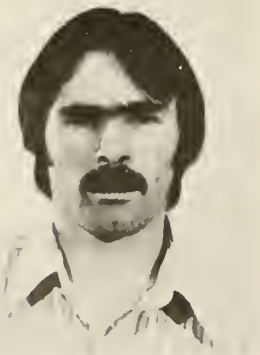
Scot Brigham
D.P.
Leominster, MA

Richard Eastman
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Judy Lovell
R.T.
W. Boylston, MA

Ronald Cormier
N.U.
Gardner, MA

LuAnne Dondero
E.S.
Leominster, MA



Chris Finnegan
L.E.
Lowell, MA

Neil Anderson
B.T.
S. Landcanster, MA

Leslie Butler
N.U.
Leominster, MA

Carolyn Peabody
N.U.
Winchendon, MA

Irene Milbury
N.U.
Townsend, MA

Sandra Charpentier
N.U.
Hubbardston, MA

Gerald Raymond, Jr.
N.U.
Athol, MA

Maureen Corbosiero
N.U.
Winchendon, MA

Pamela Blackburn
N.U.
Westminster, MA

Becky Hildrith
N.U.
Townsend, MA

Rebecca Cormier
N.U.
Fitchburg, MA

Christine Brewer
N.U.
South Barre, MA

Tereance Fisher
L.E.
Lowell, MA

Claudette Sousa
M.H.
Leominster, MA

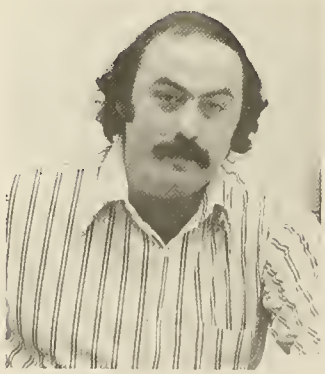
David Colton
L.E.
Chelmsford, MA

Carlo Altobelli
L.E.
Leominster, MA

Janet Hayne
E.S.
Athol, MA

Dick Eastman
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

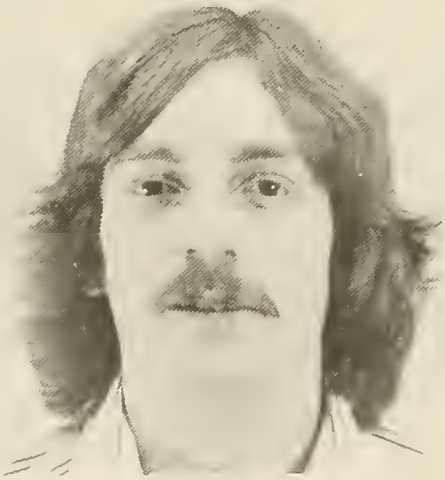
Kurt Foresman
B.A.
Fitchburg, MA



Tony Carreiro
M.H.
Fitchburg, MA

Dennis Harrison
B.A.
Chelmsford, MA

Denise Oja
E.S.
Greenville, N.H.



Freshmen

Wanted

Keith Hood
President of Frosh Class

Tim Frawley
B.T.
Leominster, MA

Dale Smith
B.T.
Fitchburg, MA

Judy Leoni
G.S.
Clinton, MA

John Schertell
B.T.
Leominster, MA

Janet Brehem
E.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Cyndi Nyman
G.S.
Leominster, MA

Paul Trembley
G.S.
Gardner, MA

Mark Kwipien
M.H.
Baldwinville, MA

David Cosgrove
B.A.
Gardner, MA

Patricia Kane
Liberal Arts
Fitchburg, Ma.

Paul R. Beauchenian
Fitchburg, Ma.

Rachel J. Mathieu
Liberal Arts
Fitchburg, Ma.

Mark Mazzarella
General Studies
Leominster, Ma.

Cynthia Losaw
General Studies
Fitchburg, Ma.

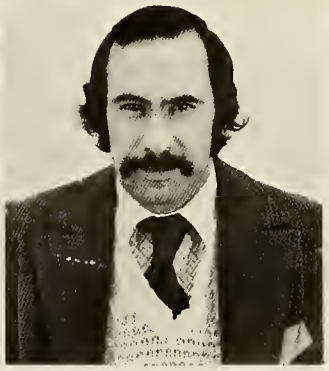
Chris Scerra
General Studies
Gardner, Ma.

Bob Iverson
Hardwick, Ma.

Perry Schwarzer
General Studies
Gardner, Ma.

Lynne Deede
W. Townsend

Bob Christian
Winchendon, Ma.



Chris Morgan
G.S.
Gardner, MA

Malcolm Farwell
L.E.
Fitchburg, MA

Anne Thurman
U.C.
Shirley, MA

Amy Om Choi
G.S.
Gardner, MA

Jody Boudreau
G.S.
Athol, MA

Paul Beauvais
P.C.
Fitchburg, MA

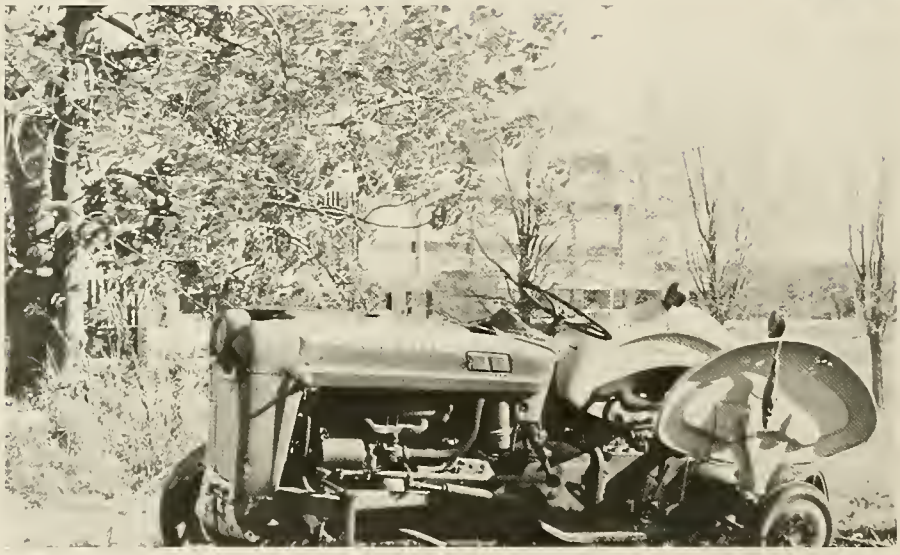
Timothy Miller
G.S.
Fitchburg, MA

Marsha Morse
G.S.
Petersham, MA

Mark Rouillard
E.T.
Littleton, MA

Dave Randall
P.C.
S. Lancaster, MA

MWCC



ORGANIZATIONS

Nurse's Association

Freshman Nurses: Front Row (L to R) Cheryl Joyce, Marilou Crohan, Karen Wentworth, Nancy Dicker, Mary Locke, Mary Rubbico. 2nd Row (L to R) Bob DeMaura, Jane Christopher, Deby Corcoran, Mindy Grady, Peg Manser, Judy Lyksell, Elaine Breault.

1st Row (L to R) Kevin Sabourin, Charles Duplease. 2nd Row (L to R) Mary Fleck, Cathy Kelley, Anne Johnson, Jackie Lefebvre, India Bazemore, LisaBoudreau, Cheryl Eaton, Sue Berg. 3rd Row (L to R) Glenn Willioms, Leonaro Williams, Laurie Poole, Dave Owen, Maureen Neacy.

Sophomore Nurses: Front Row (L to R) Carol Davis, Dorothy Butts, Sandy Stevens, Brenda Pellett, Maria Smith, Sandy Charpentier, Ruth Dodson. 2nd Row (L to R) Terri Millbury, Sue Vandesteen, Marie Aho, Marueen Corbosiero, Chris Brewer, Rebccca Hildreth. 3rd Row (L to R) Dan Sullivan, Martin Schneider, Carolyn Peabody, Skip Raymond, Pam Blackburn, Ron Cormier, Cheryl Allain, Rebecca Cormier, Leslie Butler.

Bowling

Chess

Riding

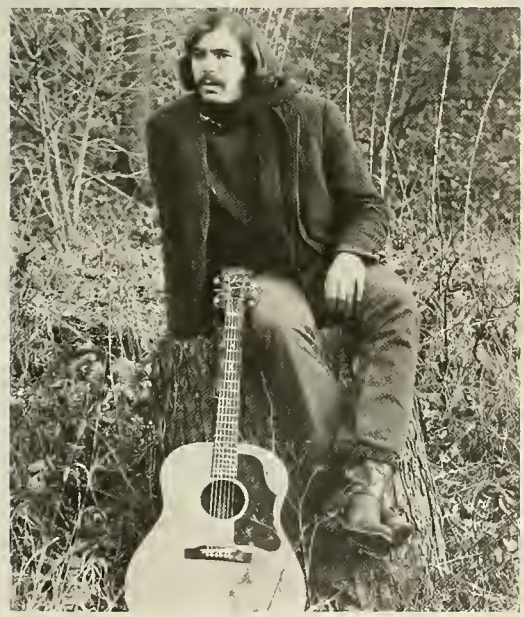
Phi Theta Kappa

Paramount

Photomount

Distinguished Visitors Club

Distinguished Visitors Presentations



Student Council

Newman

The purpose of The Newman Association is to serve the spiritual and social needs of the academic community through programs and activities designated by students to meet these needs.

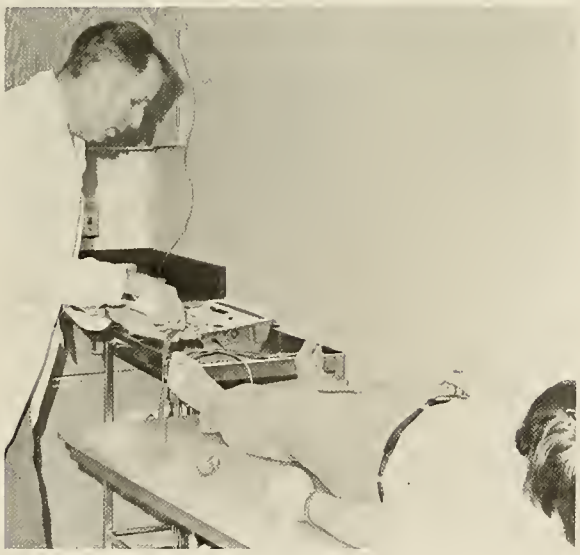
The association consists of an advisor, four elected officers and an executive board which decides on the activities of the club.

Newman attempts to use every available means to serve the M.W.C.C. campus. Speakers, fund raising for charity, film series, and off campus intercolligiate campus liturgies are part of the Newman presence at the Mount.

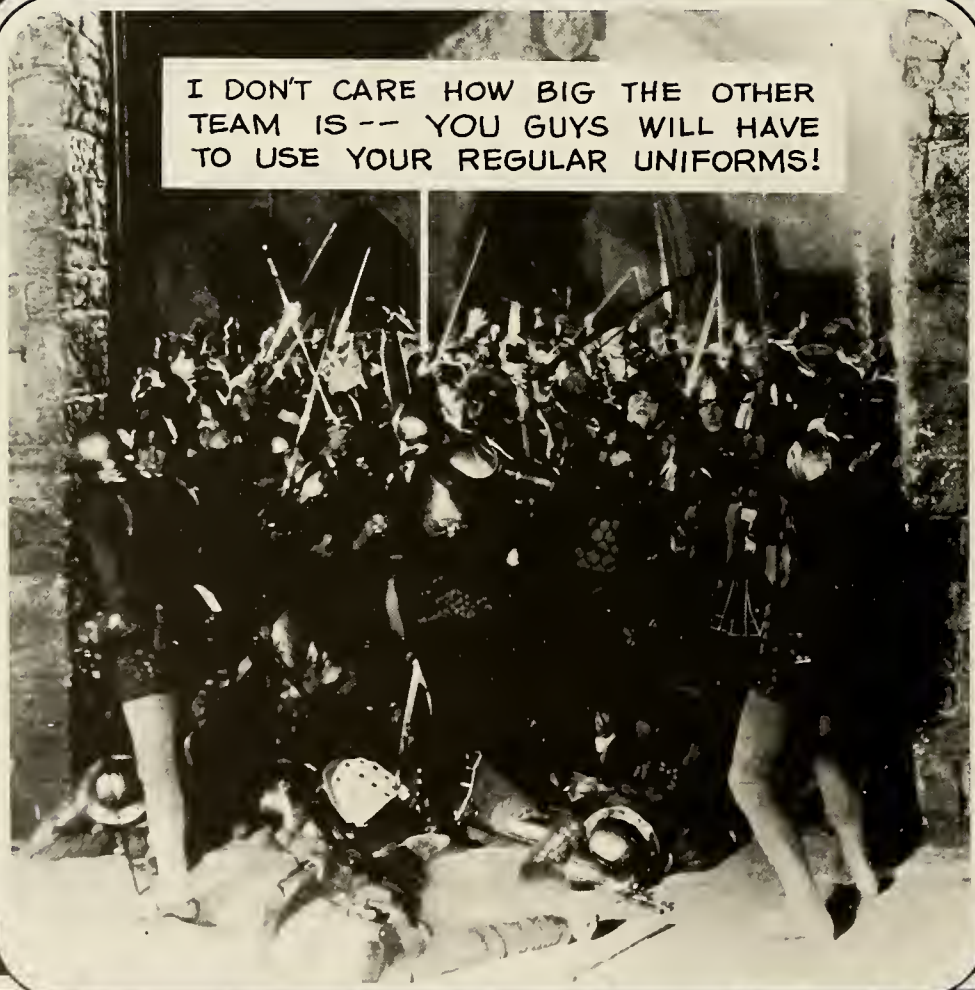
Art

Mount Singers

ECLIPSE



ATHLETICS


I DON'T CARE HOW BIG THE OTHER TEAM IS -- YOU GUYS WILL HAVE TO USE YOUR REGULAR UNIFORMS!

Cheerleaders

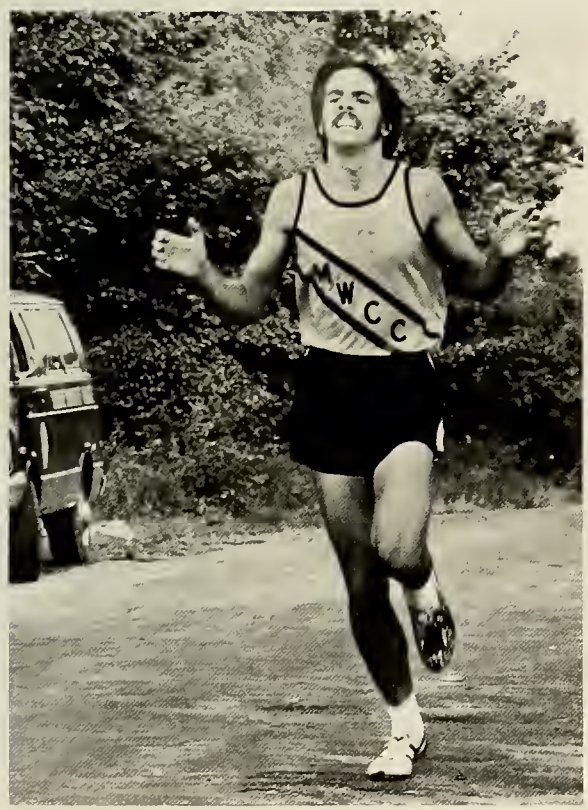
Co-Captains: Lynne Baker and Rebecca Carley (Kneeling); Sue Costello, Debbie Braman, Lori Frisch, Mary Porter.

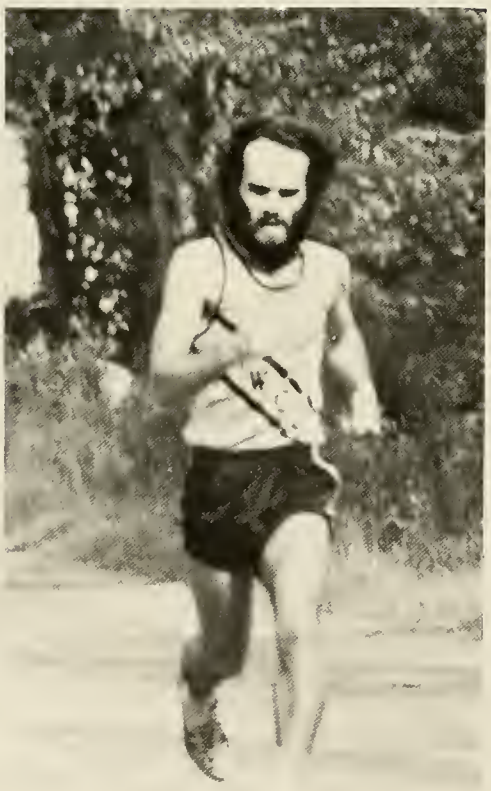
3

Soccer

Cross Country

Left to Right: Ron Burch, Drew Duplessis, Mike Levine, Paul Dorion, and James Brehio.

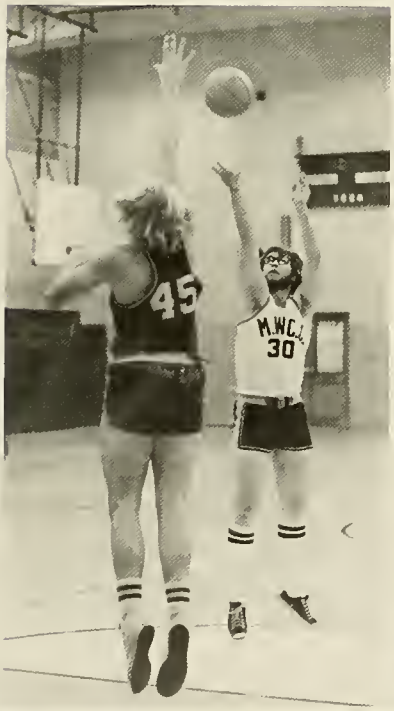




Basketball

3

5


45
M.W.C.C.
30

M.W.C.C.
24

M.W.C.C.

M.W.C.C.

Captain Jim Beauvais

Bottom Row, Left to Right: John Bennett, Gary Girouard, Arthur Pace, Joe Ruth, Mike Green, Ken Roger, Jim Perrett, Matt Christensen.
Top Row, Left to Right: Coach David Halvorsen, Ed Couillard, Malcolm Farwell, Jim Boudreau, John Schertel, Jim Beauvais, Stephen Fournier, Rick Bickford, Steve Cioffi, Jack Armstrong.

Hockey

STAFF

L. to R.: Ruth Dahin
Barbara Hall
Helen Reynolds
Gwen Morgan

L. to R.: Carolyn Zalewski
Catherine Foley
Rita Williams

L. to R.: Audrey Erickson
Lois Piano
Marian Rahaim
Holly Oakland

Pearl Fournier
Joanne Kennedy
Gail Peterson
Nancy Hawkins

Peggy Davenport
Dolores Brassard
Iline Sirois
Mary Harton
Paulette Algier
Edith Sbrega

Mary Ann Langlois

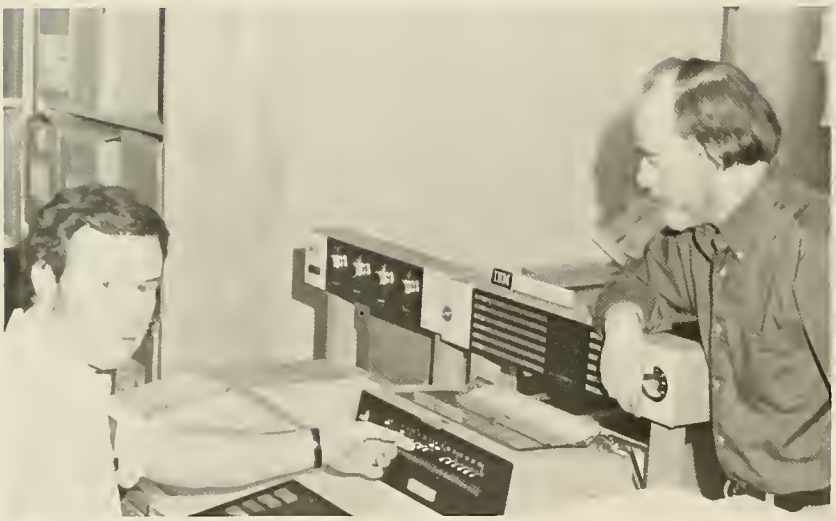
Blanche Woodcome

Marilyn Finch

Ray Leblanc
Jane Leamy
Tom Milligan

Mary Starkey
Susan Budd

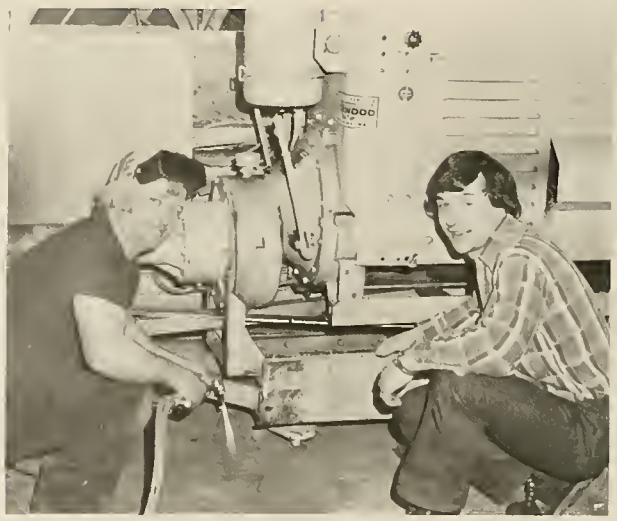
Jeanette Comee
Melissa Nopenen
Helen LaFlamme
Natalie Szoc



John Dunford
Gene Booth

Lawrence Chapman

Stuart Harding
Ken Holden



John Carlberg
Don Savigny
Doug Kallio
Herbie Bosworth
Clarence Borey
Leon Zlotnik

Consuelo Miglwozzi
Dave Butler
Chester Takaczik
Edward Hall
Gerald Milot
Donald Nivala

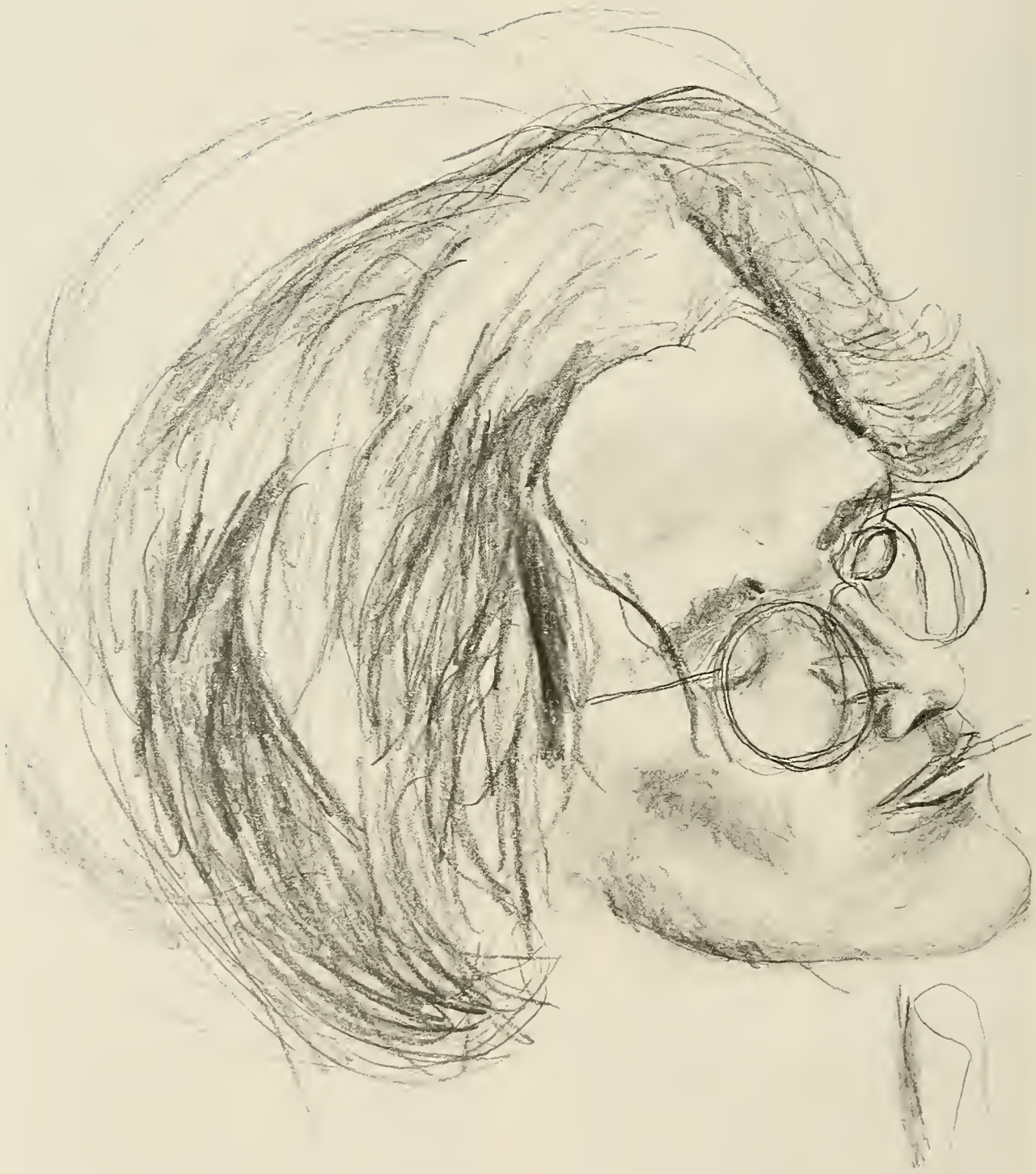
Normon Beauregard

Leo Jillet
Floyd Ryder
Bernie La Fortune
Phil Ballou

Pauline Doiron

Percy Blanchard

Lila Peabody



Tom Hudson
SELF PORTRAIT
Jan. 11. 1974

Bear

SATIRE

A CHRISTMAS STORY . . . OR SCROOGE REVISITED

by BRAINY BOOR and
MELLY NELLY WELLY

Once upon a time, in a land long ago and far away, there lived a scurrilous, scroungy skinflint, who managed a community soup kitchen in the small college town of Mt. Yourtown, U.S.A. This miserable miser charged exorbitant prices for his mucky meade and vermin-infested gruel. None of the poor, penniless, down - at - the - heel college students could afford to feed their growling stomachs, and his was the only eatery in the town. So, they were forced to sustain themselves on such delicacies as bark of trees, discarded refuse, and, of course, roaches, which helped considerably in easing the pain.

It was the week before Christmas, and all through the town the hungry students were grovelling for scraps. Within the eatery, all was warmth, light and $47.00 a plate turkey. After a fashion, this situation led to much dissatisfaction, bordering finally on revolt. As a means of trying to deal with the unfair business practices of Mr. Ebudizippah Boorish, the commoners formed the People's Council, a group whose purpose was to work for the people's rights, starting with the soup kitchen.

The two people chosen to represent the kitchenry committee were Headmaster Senvorhal, of the college, and a young tinsmith and college student, known by the people as the Hooded Marvel. They decided to go to Mr. Boorish, the soup kitchen owner, and talk to him kindly, for it was nearing Christmas. It was a snowy, downy night, when Headmaster Senvorhal and his sidekick, Hood, traipsed through the drifts towards the ornate, spacious mansion where Mr. Boorish lived. As they approached the massive oaken door, and reached for the brass knocker, the door swung open, revealing the pale and beautiful face of Lady Helena, the banished Princess, who was forced to work long hours for little pay for Mr. Boorish.

Senvorhal & Hood

Lady Helena led them down a long, cold hall, where Mr. Boorish sat counting his gold. As the two men made their simple request, merely that Ebudizippah lower his soup kitchen prices, and make sure that the gruel was warm when served, the mangy moneygrubber rose up tall, crying, "Bah. Humbug. . . You know not what you say. Pure folly, pure folly, kiddies. . . Bah, humbug!" Dejected and rejected, the defeated duo stumbled sadly out into the cold, friendless night, bearing their sad tidings back to the opressed villagers.

On the day before Christmas, the cauldrons in the kitchens of Ebudisippah Boorish bubbled all day and far into the evening. The indentured servants in this sour skinflint's employ were not allowed to split to their homes and families to enjoy their meagre Christmas repast, and the glow of the one lump of used coal that served for a fire in their humble abodes. When, finally, the kitchen closed, for lack of business, Boorish reluctantly dismissed the help, with the directive that they must return at 5 a.m. on the following day. . . Christmas day, and with a "Bah, Humbug!" he sent them on their way.

On that Christmas eve, when the miserable old man arrived at his mansion, he was tired. Counting money, arguing with radical factions demanding fair prices, watering down the coffee, hiding the sugar, cutting the loaves so as to get four sandwiches out of two slices of bread was all hard, weary work. As the myopic misanthrope stood at his dreary doorway, he was shocked and appalled to see, leering luridly from his dismal doorknocker, the ghostly face of his dead partner, Jacob Jabem, gone these twenty years. Ebudizippah rubbed his eyes in disbelief, and stared again. . . the

face was gone. "Bah, humbug," he said, and went in the door.

Inside, Ebudizippah rubbed two sticks together and threw them into the pile of old innertubes and discarded matresses in his fireplace; then stood warming his brittle bones by the cheerless blaze. He ate a lonely meal of melba toast and vinegar, and retired early with the latest copy of the Ladies Home Journal, which he read by the light of a jar of imprisoned lightening bugs. When the bugs died, he put the book aside and went to sleep.

Ebudizippah was awakened suddenly. As if from afar, he heard moans, groans, the clanking of chains, and then, there, in the middle of the room stood the wraith of his old partner, Jacob Jabem. Jacob's spider-web-bedecked figure was transparent in the dimness. Around his neck he wore a wreath, made from old, chewed-up ledgers, and, as he lifted his arms, a dreadful clanging arose from the hundreds of petrified bagels that hung all over him like a chain. "Ebudizippah Boorish" he moaned, "Your bagel chain is miiiles long already, and you will also walk the earth as I do. . .you will learn the folly of your mean, miserly ways. . ." Ebudizippah cried out in alarm. . . "No, Jacob, it cannot be, I am but a businessman, and taking a loss at that!" The spirit was vanishing, and Ebudizippah calledout, "Jacob, help me, what can I do. . . Jacob?" Jacob's voice wafted back. . . "Three spirits will visit you. . . listen for the striking of the clock."

As the old common's clock was striking midnight, Boorish was again awakened, this time by a cold touch on his cold shoulder. He sat up, startled, to greet none other than the Ghost of Christmas Past, in the persons of the College Budget Committee, boys and girls long since dead of starvation., who had pleaded, implored, and reasoned with the soup kitchen proprietor some twenty years ago. "Come, Ebudizippah Boorish," they chorused spectrally, and the old man rose from his bed with trepidation to follow them. They led him through the streets of town to his own establishment, where, through the window they could see a party going on.

Ebudizippah recognized his own father in the room, hustling busily among the frolicksome crowd within. . . the amiable host, the soup kitchen owner of 50 years ago, beloved by the college students and townspeople alike and known for his good cheer, his generosity, his largesse in the community. The scene faded, and they were again standing in front of the Boorish mansion. The door creaked open, and inside , a little boy of five was crying, alone, in the huge drafty hallway, his face not reflecting the glow of the cold, crystal chandelier, his hands clutching desperately at a scruffy old teddy bear.

A fat, greasy-faced woman blundered into the scene. . . the maid. She snatched the toy from the frightened child and scolded. . . "You musn't play with that mangy creature anymore, Ebudizippah, you must be a man now. Your father's funeral is over and you're off to boarding school tomorrow." Old Boorish shielded his eyes, there in the street, as he shivered at the loathesome memories. . . "No more!" he pleaded, but the ghost said there was one more thing to see, and the scene changed again.

The boarding school was empty. . . all the little children had gone home for Christmas. But Ebudizippah's mother and her new lover were honeymooning in the south of France, and had no time for the little boy. He remained, alone, in that cheerless, drafty, dismal dormitory, where he spent his Christmas in tears.

Suddenly the clock was striking 1:15, and Ebudizippah Boorish awoke in his bed. "Must have been something I ate. . . or didn't eat." he reasoned, unreasonably, but more was yet to come.

As the clock struck 1:45 EST, Ebudizippah was rudely awakened by the sound of sleighbells. A fat, jolly old elf stood under Boorish's blacklight, dressed in day-glo scarlet, his cheerful. ruddy face sporting a long, fluffy, orange beard. He introduced himself as the Ghost of Christmas Present, and Ebudizippah was on his way again. . . out into the winter night. . . in only his cotton baby-doll nightdress. The pair stopped at the door of the family of Blob and Berryboo Fitzbaine where a Christmas dinner was in progress. The house was sparsely decorated, save for one lonely sprig of mistletoe in the doorway, beneath which all of the female populace of the town would pass, like a harem. each in their turn to be favored by the sheik in residence. At present, Blob (an employee of Ebudizippah's) and his wife, were sitting at the table. . . red and green thin, square pieces of paper scattered about them. Between them, the master and mistress of the Fitzbaine household reverently surveyed a large pile of twigs and aromatic herbal seeds, their faces were dreamy, engrossed in each other, and the room was filled with the sweet smoke of holiday cheer.

The children were seated rigidly in their chairs. . . their tiny hands blue with the cold, which their parents were beyond feeling; their emaciated faces looking longingly at the roast stuffed pigeon that sat forgotten, at a corner of the table. One of the children, Tiny Twaity, stood at the end of the room a pathetic figure on his hand-hewn crutches. . . his spindly legs wobbling beneath his small frame. "He will die!" prophesied the spirit, and even the hard heart of Ebud-

Ebudizippah -- the child & the Scrooge

izippah Boorish was touched. "Can we not do anything to help him?" he asked, but the spirit only mumbled something about cheap soup, and Ebudizippah once more found himself in his own bed, awaiting the third and final visitor.

When Ebudizippah awoke, the clock was bonging crazily. . . 13. . . and the old man figured his number was up. But it was only the hearld of the Ghost of Christmas future. A tall hooded figure stood mute, in the center of the room.

It refused to speak, tho Ebudizippah implored it to do so, but raised an arm and beckoned the old man to arise and follow. They flew thru the air, with the greatest of ease. . . somehow, and ended with a smooth landing in a deserted desert, surrounded by craggy cliffs on all sides. Ebudizippah looked where the spirit pointed and dimly, in the mist, could make out a wierd-shaped tombstone. On closer inspection, the stone appeared to be shaped like a camel, and the epitaph read. . . "Here lies Tiny Twaity, he died too young, but was buried with full military honors." The old man tearfully turned to the spirit for comfort, but the wraith turned away, and gestured again. This time, a huge monument loomed in the distance. As it magically came closer, Ebudizippah peered at the words on the stone. Eerie organ music echoed the dreary strains of "The William Tell Overture" in C Minor. Ebudizippah read the words with horror. . . "Here lies Ebudizippah Boorish, he lived as he died. . . alone and alienated in a world of baleful bookkeepers, scavenger students and styrofoam strawberry shortcake. His cold gold was pilfered and plundered, his empty mansion stands as distant and frigid as when he lived there. . . and his soup kitchen now echoes with the ghostly, discordant and moans of the wronged."

Ebudizippah sobbed disconsolately, desolately, but the spirit would allow him no rest . . . there was more to see. They turned, and the mist rose like a veil. . . In the distance, Ebudizippah could hear the melancholy booming of a bass drum. His tears vanished. He clapped his bony hands with glee. . . "A parade, a parade," he bubbled thru toothless gums. And, indeed, a little drummer boy could be seen marching merrily down the yellow brick road. . . As the procession approached, Ebudizippah recognized the fresh, angelic face of his nephew, Dean Spratt, carrying a backpack with a Bobb Haul bumper sticker on it. Behind him, playing the slide trombone marched the leader of the People's Council back in Mt. Yourtown, Pall Galaxie, his pink cheeks contrasting his harris tweed suitcoat and matching brown flares, and super-palazzo platform heels. The next in line were a pair of harbingers, shredding old underground newspapers like confetti in the path of the parade. A majorette with long brown hair bounced bonnily behind these two. She carried a baton, on which was mounted a placard bearing the words, Vote Bernadette Devlin for DAR Representative. A colorful band goose-stepped behind the girl, and in the sea of faces, Ebudizippah recognized more of his antagonists. . . The drum major was the Baker, Don Newman, wearing a black baker's hat made of old clerical collars, dyed, and a uniform with a hole in the elbow. . . a silver lame jumpsuit, trimmed with chatreause ostrich plumes. Selena Genus and Junie Luny, the Bobsy twins played clarinets, E. Dickman and his son, Erondicarron, walked hand in hand carrying the parade banner. The tuba player, known as S. Dan, the man, woefully tried to play his instrument, but it was stuffed with dozens rejected financial aid applications but, finally he mustered up a noise. . . "Beog!" trumpeted the tuba. A dark-haired mustachioed gentleman in an army jacket brandished his piccolo at anybody and everybody in his path.

As the parade drew to an end, a rotund, balding sweeper of the streets, known familiarly

as Admiral Dean. From Gaffrey, N. H., plodded purposelessly behind his Lady Eureka vacuum cleaner. There's a demonstrator in every crowd, and Ebudizippah recognized Ms. Wally Melsh, world famous proponent of Wenches' Wrights, marched along side the procession, carrying a flaming pair of pink polka dotted undershorts bearing the monogram A N Drew.

Mouth hanging open in disbelief, Ebudizippah turned to his companion and cried in frenzy . . . "Tell me this is not what is to be. . . It can be prevented. . . speak, Spirit, speak to me." But the ghost was silent. As if in answer the spirit produced a card from his long flowing robes. The card read, "Deaf mute" and showed pictures of a bunch of hands in various postures signifying the manual alphabet "But where's the pen?" Ebudizippah cried in terror. The next gesture the spirit made cannot be printed here.

Head whirling, eyes blearing, stomach spinning, Ebudizippah lost consciousness, and, when he woke he found his lovely babydoll pajamas soaked. . . and not with sweat. He rose from his wet bed in disgust and ran to the open window. Daylight was streaming through the bars. . . it was Christmas day.

The old man realized that he was awake. . . he pinched himself to prove it. As though possessed by a force stronger than himself. . . or anybody, Ebudizippah was drawn from his mansion, out into the busy street below. Dressed now in a multicolored floral caftan, a smile cracked the face that launched a thousand wilted green salads, as he ran through the streets, throwing kisses, thermoses of papaya juice, sesame squares and small grinder to the astonished but delighted crowd.

He bounded into his soup kitchen where the slaves were working busily away. "Go home, friends, you are free. . . and a Merry Christmas to you all." The employees literally fell down in their amazement then got up and joyously ran home, catching a glimpse of their employer dancing like a whirling, colorful dervish in the orgiastic delight of a man insane with newfound purpose and Christmas spirit. The declaration was posted in the town square that Mr. Ebudizippah Boorish would lower his prices, and donate his library of legers to the townspeople. . . on mimeographed sheets.

He gave gifts to everyone, among which was a magic carpet to bear the impoverished Fitzbaine's to the Far East . . . there to live in comfort for the rest of their days, and Tiny Twaity feasted all day on the richest of foods, was instantly cured of his rickets and walked on muscular legs from that day forward.

And Ebudizippah Boorish was a reformed man, for, even though when gazing into the eyes of the villagers, his eyes would sometimes become momentarily blurred by dollar signs, he would simply blink, smile, and ladle up an extra helping of hash to his friends and neighbors.

As Christmas day drew at last to a close, Tiny Twaity stood at the head of Ebudizippah Boorish's banquet table where all the town was [illegible]

Satire

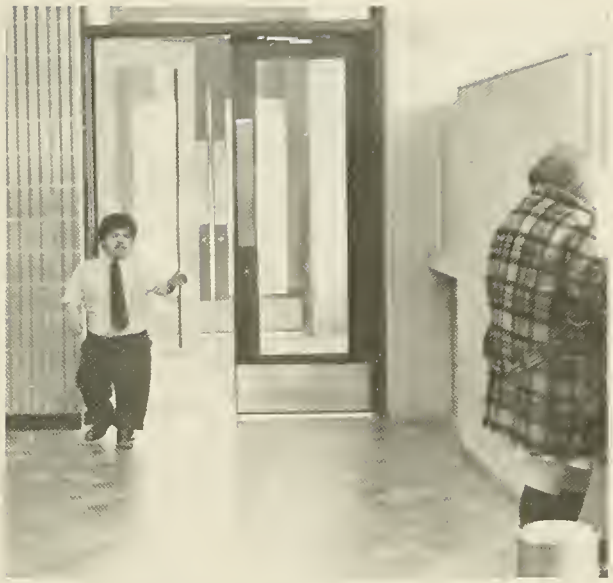
continued from page 2

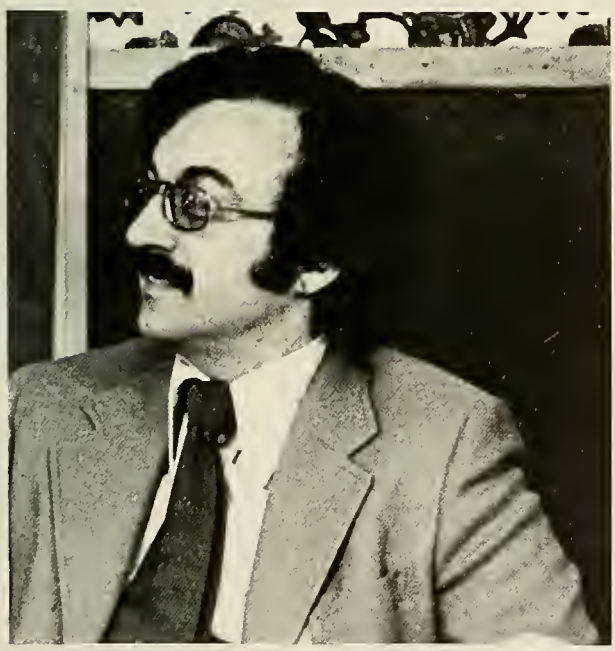
The parade.

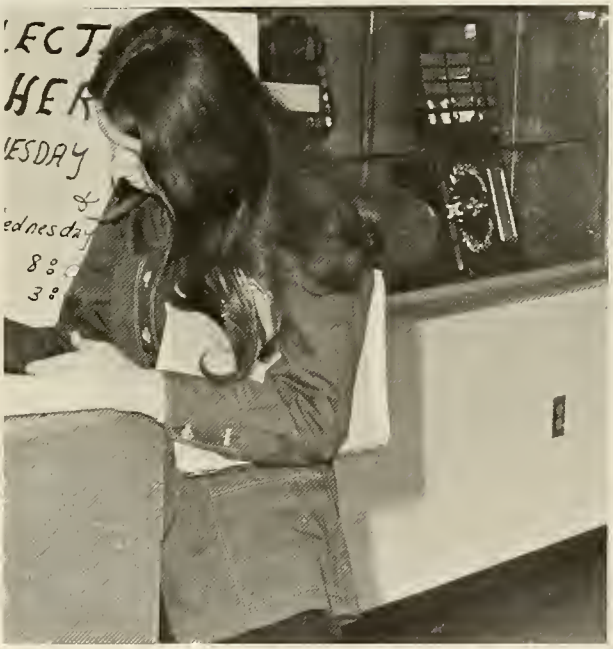
[illegible], a well-liked man.

[illegible] student and teacher alike, and toasted his best and [illegible] with [illegible] little heart. . . "God bless everybody," he [illegible] and the curtain closes on this event's end of boundless bliss in the joyous season of Christmas.

THE END







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